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"DOCTOR WHO"
SERIAL 6C

EPISODE 1: 'Xeraphin' (W/T)

by

Peter Grimwade

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TRANSMISSION:

7th story in transmission order.

"DOCTOR WHO" EPISODE 1: 'Xeraphin'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
NYSSA
TEGAN
CAPTAIN STAPLEY.
BILTON
TULLEY
SHEARD
ANDREWS
KALID
ANGELA CLIFFORD
CAPTAIN URQUHART
HORTON

N/S:

TWO FLIGHT CREW
PASSENGERS
PLASMATONS
DAVE CULSHAW
SUPERVISOR
AIRPORT OFFICIALS
AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS AND POLICEMAN

* * * * *

SETS:

Office.
Air Traffic Control.
Tardis Control Room.
Heath.
Kalid's Quarters.
Concord Hold.

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Concord Int/Ext.
Heathrow Airport (Various Parts)

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6C

EPISODE 1: 'Xeraphin'

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TELECINE 35mm

SUPPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

END TELECINE 35mm

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Sky. Day.

A British Airways
Concorde flying at
cruising altitude.

Int. Cabin. Day.

The Concorde PASSENGERS.
Several excited AMERICANS
taking photographs of each
other in front of the
Mach Meter.

CABIN STAFF serving drinks and selling duty frees. Very relaxed atmosphere.

Towards the end rather than the beginning of the flight.

CAPTAIN: (VOICE - DISTORT) ... This is Captain Urquhart again. We're still travelling supersonic, ladies and gentlemen. Fifty seven thousand feet. Just to let you know we'll be reaching our decleration point in a few minutes and beginning our descent into London Heathrow.

Int. Flight Deck. Day.

The CAPTAIN and FIRST OFFICER at the controls. Behind them the FLIGHT ENGINEER.

CAPTAIN speaking on the radio.

CAPTAIN: Good afternoon, London. Speedbird Concorde one nine four ...

Note: Call signs shown here are not accurate, only for guidance. Proper call signs will have to be inserted once the Registration number of location Concorde is known.

1. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(THE CONTROLLER,
HORTON, SITS BEHIND
THE CONTROL PANEL, IN
THE CENTRE OF WHICH
IS A LARGE RADAR
SCREEN ON WHICH THERE
ARE A NUMBER OF SLOW
MOVING BLIPS)

HORTON: Speedbird Concorde one
nine four. You are clear to descend
to flight level three seven zero.

CAPTAIN: (DISTORT) Roger. Clear to
three seven zero.

TELECINE 2:

Int. Flight Deck. Day.

The CREW are going through the routine deceleration procedure, programming the auto-throttle etc.

A hooter sounds briefly.

The CAPTAIN speaks on the radio.

CAPTAIN: Speedbird Concorde one nine four. Level at three seven zero.

2. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

HORTON: Speedbird Concorde one nine four. You are clear to continue descent to two eight zero.

(THERE IS NO
ANSWER)

Speedbird Concorde one nine four
will you acknowledge, please.

CAPTAIN: (DISTORT) Speedbird
Concorde one nine four ... Speedbird...

(THE VOICE OF
CONCORDE'S PILOT
BECOMES DISTORTED.)

A STRANGE ECHOING
QUALITY PUNCTUATED
WITH ATMOSPHERIC
INTERFERENCE)

HORTON: Speedbird Concorde one nine
four. Will you acknowledge.

(THE DISTORTED ATMOSPHERICS
CONTINUE)

TELECINE 3:

Int. Cabin. Day.

CABIN STAFF are
collecting glasses
and stowing trays
ready for landing.

3. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(HORTON PRESSES
A SWITCH AND
SPEAKS INTO ANOTHER
MICROPHONE)

HORTON: I have total RT breakdown
on speedbird Concorde one nine four...

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Sky. Day.

Concorde flying
normally.

4. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(A SUPERVISOR
STANDS BEHIND
HORTON)

HORTON: I don't believe it ... !

(THE SUPERVISOR
PEERS FORWARD)

She's approaching London. But the
trace is getting smaller!

(CLOSE UP OF THE
SCREEN. THE FADING
IMAGE.

WE HEAR THE SOUND
OF ATMOSPHERIC
INTERFERENCE.

HORTON AND THE
SUPERVISOR WATCH
THE FADING IMAGE
ON THE SCREEN)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Sky. Day.

Concorde in flight.

ANGELA: (V.O.) Ladies and gentlemen, in a few minutes we shall be landing at London, Heathrow. Will you please make sure your seatbelts are securely fastened ...

The Aircraft shimmers.
Then the outline
blurs.

Slowly Concorde
dematerialises.

5. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(CLOSE ON THE SCREEN
AS THE BLIP THAT
WAS CONCORDE FADES
ALTOGETHER.

HORTON PICKS UP A
RED TELEPHONE)

HORTON: Emergency. We have
lost Concorde Golf Victor
Foxtrot.

6. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR
IS AT THE
CONTROLS)

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) Crew of the
freighter safely returned to their
own time.

NYSSA: Cyberfleet dispersed.

TEGAN: (ANNOYED) Great! You make
it sound like a shopping list:
ticking off things as you go.
Aren't you forgetting something
rather important? Adric is dead!

NYSSA: (GENTLY) Please, Tegan ...

THE DOCTOR: We feel his loss
as well.

TEGAN: But you could do more
than grieve: you could go back.

NYSSA: Could you?

(THE DOCTOR COLD AND
URGENT)

THE DOCTOR: No!

NYSSA: Surely the Tardis ...

TEGAN: (PLEADING) We can change
what happened. If we materialise
before Adric was killed ...

THE DOCTOR: And change your own
history?

TEGAN: The freighter could still crash into Earth. That wouldn't have to be changed. Only Adric doesn't have to be on board.

THE DOCTOR: Listen to me, both of you. There are some rules that cannot be broken. Even with the Tardis.

NYSSA: But, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: (SEVERELY) Don't ever ask me to do anything like that again! (MORE GENTLY) You must accept that Adric is dead

THE DOCTOR: (cont) His life wasn't wasted. He died, like his brother, trying to save others.

(NYSSA AND TEGAN
LOOK AT HIM
CURIOUSLY)

Did he never tell you about Varsh?

(THEY SHAKE THEIR
HEADS)

It was on Alzarius. When we were in E Space. Varsh died very bravely and saved a lot of other peoples lives.

(TEGAN AS IF COMING
TO TERMS WITH THE
SITUATION)

TEGAN: He so annoyed me at times, but I shall miss him dreadfully.

NYSSA: So will I.

THE DOCTOR: And me. But he wouldn't want us to mourn unnecessarily.

(THE DOCTOR PUNCHES
IN SOME NEW
CO-ORDINATES)

NYSSA: Where are we going?

THE DOCTOR: Special treat.
To cheer us all up.

- 1/14 -

(NYSSA LOOKING
OVER HIS SHOULDER)

NYSSA: 1851. Earth. London ...
What's so special about that,
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Hyde Park? The
Crystal Palace?

TEGAN: 1851. Of course.
The Great Exhibition.

THE DOCTOR: All the wonders of
Victorian science and technology.

TEGAN: The Tardis should feel
at home.

THE DOCTOR: How about opening
day? Pass the time of day
with the foreign Royals. Then
we can drop in at Lords for a
few overs from Wisden and Pilch.
I wonder if the Lion will be
bowling ...

TEGAN: Let's get there first.

THE DOCTOR: Nothing will go
wrong this time I promise you.

(THE TARDIS SUDDENLY
SHAKES. NOT A
VIOLENT MOVEMENT,
BUT A GENTLE VIBRATION.)

THE DOCTOR MOVES
SWIFTLY TO THE
CONSOLE)

Nyssa! Have you touched the
dimensional stabilisers?

- 14 -

NYSSA: Of course not.

(HE MOVES ROUND
THE CONSOLE)

All systems functioning normally. Of course it could always be the relative drift compensator ... No.

(THE VIBRATION IS
GETTING WORSE)

TEGAN: Some sort of turbulence.

THE DOCTOR: Or feedback from the zonal comparator ... No.

NYSSA: Another ship on the same space time axis?

THE DOCTOR: What do you mean another ship ...?

(HE STOPS SHORT)

Another ship! Temporal cross tracing ... If it builds up at this frequency it could draw us into spacial convergence. We must materialise immediately.

NYSSA: But we'll be landing in London in a few moments.

THE DOCTOR: We're in the wash of another time vehicle. If we don't materialise it will destroy the Tardis!

7. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(THE CONTROLLER,
HORTON, IS SCANNING
THE RADAR.

HE SPOTS SOMETHING
AND TURNS TO THE
SUPERVISOR)

HORTON: Look at this!

(THE SUPERVISOR
MOVES ACROSS.

P.O.V. THE RADAR.
A NEW BLIP ON
THE SCREEN)

Something's just ... materialised!
The same flight path as
Concorde one nine four. No
transponder signal ... Smaller
than Gold Victor Foxtrot ...

(HE PRESSES THE
TRANSMIT KEY)

Unidentified aircraft on approach
to two eight left will you
acknowledge.

(THERE IS NO
ANSWER.

HE PICKS UP THE
RED TELEPHONE AGAIN)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Runway. Day.

Fire Engine and
Security Trucks
tearing across the
tarmac.

Ext. Runway. Day.

LONG SHOT looking down
the length of the
runway.

The Tardis has
materialised a few
hundred feet above
the ground.

8. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE VIBRATION STOPS.

THE COLUMN IS
STATIONARY, BUT
THE LIGHTS STILL
FLASH)

THE DOCTOR: Seems to have done
the trick.

NYSSA: Where are we?

THE DOCTOR: Somewhere above
Hyde Park. The view should
be spectacular.

(HE OPENS THE
SCANNER. WE SEE
AN AERIAL SHOT OF
THE RUNWAY)

TEGAN: That's not Hyde Park.
It's London Airport!

THE DOCTOR: You're right.

TEGAN: I never thought I'd
say it, but let's get out of
here. We could be in the path
of an oncoming aircraft.

(URGENTLY, THE
DOCTOR PRESSES A
KEY ON THE PANEL)

- 1/19 -

NYSSA: What have you done?

THE DOCTOR: Coordinate override.
Sort of anti collision
device.

- 19 -

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Runway. Day.

LONG SHOT of Tardis
hovering over the end
of the runway.

It dematerialises.

9. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(AS BEFORE)

HORTON: It's gone.

SHEARD: Must have been a light
aircraft.

TELECINE 8:

Int. Terminal Building. Day.

The Tardis materialises.

Ideally somewhere near a
book stall. In any event
it must be out of the way
of the crowds.

10. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE COLUMN IS
STILL. THE LIGHTS
ARE OFF.

THE DOCTOR OPENS
THE SCREEN.

WE SEE THE BUSTLING
CROWDS OF TERMINAL
ONE)

TEGAN: Your coordinate override
has put us right in the middle
of a Terminal Building.

THE DOCTOR: So I have.

TEGAN: Security will go mad!

THE DOCTOR: We'll only be here
for a minute. I hope.

TELECINE 9:

Int. Terminal Building. Day.

A POLICEMAN spots the Tardis
in it's corner.

He speaks urgently into
his radio.

11. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR IS
RESETTING THE
COORDINATE)

TEGAN: Please hurry.

THE DOCTOR: I am.

(HE GLANCES
AT THE SCANNER.

WE SEE THE BOOKSTALL.

A BILLBOARD PROCLAIMS
SOME AMAZING
CRICKETING DEVELOPMENT)

Good heavens!

(HE OPENS THE DOORS)

TEGAN: Doctor ...?

THE DOCTOR: Won't be a moment.

(HE GOES OUT.

THE GIRLS LOOK
AT EACH OTHER IN
DESPAIR:)

TEGAN: Doctor!!!

(THEY FOLLOW THE DOCTOR)

TELECINE 10:

Int. Terminal Building. Day.

TEGAN and NYSSA come to the door of the Tardis.

They obviously see something that fills them with dismay.

TEGAN: Oh, no!

THE DOCTOR joins them, carrying a copy of the "Times" opened at the sports page.

THE DOCTOR: I don't know what English cricket is coming to.

NYSSA: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR looks up they are surrounded by POLICE.

12. INT. CONTROL CENTRE OFFICE. DAY.

(SHEARD THE OPERATIONS
CONTROL MANAGER IS
ON THE TELEPHONE.

IN THE OFFICE WITH
HIM IS HORTON FROM
AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL AND
AND ANDREWS A SENIOR
SECURITY OFFICER.

PERHAPS A COUPLE OF
OTHER (N/S) OFFICIALS)

SHEARD: A police box? (IMPATIENT)
I've just lost an entire complement of
passengers and crew, not to mention
twenty million pounds worth of
aircraft

(TO ANDREWS)

As if I want to know about a police
box in Terminal One.

ANDREWS: There isn't a police box in
Terminal One.

SHEARD: Can you handle it, Jim?

(ANDREWS TAKES
THE TELEPHONE)

ANDREWS: Andrews here.

SHEARD: (TURNING TO HORTON) Now I
need to establish exactly what you
saw on the radar when Victor Foxtrot
went into the deceleration procedure.
(cont...)

(ANDREWS IS STILL ON
THE TELEPHONE)

ANDREWS: (cont) What?
That's not possible ... I'll
be right over.

(PUTS DOWN THE
TELEPHONE)

There's something very odd going on
in Terminal One.

(SHEARDS JUST NODS.
HE HAS MORE IMPORTANT
BUSINESS.

ANDREWS GOES OUT.

SHEARD SPREADS OUT
A CHART OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM AIRWAYS SYSTEM)

Now you lost contact when the aircraft
was over the Bristol Channel ...
here.

HORTON: R/T started to break up and
the transponder signal just faded
from the screen.

(THE OFFICIALS
ARE SILENT)

It must have been sabotage. That's
the only explanation for total
disappearance.

SHEARD: (POINTING AT MAP) The home
fleet were on manoeuvres in that
section. I'll check with the
Admiralty. (LIFTS RECEIVER) One
of their ships might have seen
something.

TELECINE 11:

Outside The Tardis.
The door should be
shut.

THE DOCTOR and the COMPANIONS
surrounded by POLICE.

They have just been
joined by ANDREWS.

ANDREWS: (TO TEGAN) Let me see your
I.D. please.

TEGAN: I'm afraid I've lost it.

ANDREWS: Name?

TEGAN: Tegan Jovanka.

ANDREWS turning to another
SECURITY MAN.

ANDREWS: Check with N.S.W. Airlines.

THE DOCTOR: It would save a lot of
time and embarrassment if you were
to check with Whitehall. Department
C19.

ANDREWS: (ANNOYED) Don't try and make
a fool of me. You're already in a
lot of trouble.

DOCTOR: Sir John Sudbury is the
person to speak to. He's a personal
friend from when I worked with UNIT.

- 1/30 -

ANDREWS pauses.

The name "UNIT" is
familiar.

ANDREWS: C19?

THE DOCTOR: Just tell him it's
the Doctor.

- 30 -

13. INT. CONTROL CENTRE OFFICE. DAY.

(TELEPHONE RINGS.

SHEARD LIFTS THE
RECEIVER)

SHEARD: Sheard ... Yes, sir ... I
see ... Nothing at all? ... Thank you
very much. (HANGS UP) Admiralty.

HORTON: Nothing?

SHEARD: Concorde did not go down
where you said it did.

HORTON: It must have.

SHEARD: Check again.

(THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

SHEARD ANSWERS IT)

Sheard ... Unit? A Doctor? Andrews
is supposed to be handling this ...
All right.

(HE PUTS THE TELEPHONE
DOWN AS ANDREWS COMES
IN CARRYING A SHEET
OF PAPER)

Jim, what's all this about a
Doctor?

ANDREWS: That police box in terminal
one ...

SHEARD: Not again! A doctor with a police box?

(ANDREWS HANDING
SHEET OF PAPER TO
SHEARD)

ANDREWS: This has just come through from C19. The Doctor worked with UNIT a few years ago.

(SHEARD, GLANCES
DOWN AT THE SHEET
OF PAPER: FURIOUS
TO HORTON)

SHEARD: C19 suggest we use this Doctor!

ANDREWS: The request is personally endorsed by Sir John Sudbury.

SHEARD: Jim, I've had these Whitehall jokers up to here!

ANDREWS: So long as Concorde is missing we've got to put up with them.

SHEARD: Where is this Doctor?

ANDREWS: In my office.

SHEARD: Has he been briefed about Concorde?

ANDREWS: Just the basics. No detail, though.

SHEARD: Then let's have him in.

(ANDREWS PRESSES A
BUTTON ON THE
INTERNAL INTERCOM)

ANDREWS: (INTO INTERCOM) Would
you send in the Doctor and
two assistants.

13A. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND
NYSSA WALK ALONG
THE CORRIDOR ESCORTED
BY A SECURITY GUARD)

TEGAN: (VERY ANNOYED) It's
always the same. Whenever we
stop anywhere you always have
to get involved.

THE DOCTOR: Be quiet, I'm
thinking.

TEGAN: We were supposed to
be going to the Great Exhibition.

THE DOCTOR: We will. Eventually.

TEGAN: That's all you ever say.

THE DOCTOR: This is your planet,
Tegan. I would have thought you'd
wanted to help.

TEGAN: I am helping by wanting to
leave the recovery of Concorde
to the experts.

THE DOCTOR: I might be able to
help.

TEGAN: That's what worries me.

(THE DOCTOR OPENS
THE DOOR)

13B. INT. CONTROL CENTRE OFFICE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR COMES
IN WITH NYSSA
AND TEGAN)

THE DOCTOR: Good afternoon,
Gentlemen.

(SHEARD, SURPRISED
BY THEIR UNLIKELY
APPEARANCE)

SHEARD: Good heavens!

ANDREWS: This is the Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: And this is Nyssa
and Tegan.

SHEARD: You're a stewardess.

TEGAN: So?

THE DOCTOR: I believe you're
having problems with Concorde.

(HORTON LOOKS
AT SHEARD)

SHEARD: Tell him.

HORTON: This morning's Concorde
flight from New York disappeared
from the radar just after it's
deceleration.

THE DOCTOR: Disappeared?

HORTON: Just faded from the screen.

TEGAN: It didn't crash?

HORTON: It was flying on a level course. All system were working normally.

THE DOCTOR: Indeed ... I wonder.

TEGAN: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Do you recall the turbulence we experienced.

TEGAN: That forced us to materialise?

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... (PONDERS) I wonder very much indeed.

NYSSA: It sounds as though it could be cross tracing on the time space axis.

THE DOCTOR: Exactly.

SHEARD: Are you trying to suggest you know where the missing aircraft is?

THE DOCTOR: I suspect that it's not a question of where but when!

TELECINE 12:

Ext. Maintenance Area.
Day.

Another concorde parked
on the tarmac.

CAPTAIN STAPLEY, and
FIRST OFFICER BILTON
are making their way
to the aircraft.

BILTON: Any idea what these
tests are for, Skipper?

STAPLEY: All I know is some
scientist wants to take up
some special equipment to
monitor the approach used by
Victor Fox trot when she went
through the deceleration phase.

They arrive at
the bottom of the
aircraft steps.

The flight engineer,
TULLEY, looks out
of the cabin door.

TULLEY: Morning, Captain.
All ready for loading.

STAPLEY: Is the gear on
its way?

TULLEY: Coming over now.

P.O.V. a
fork lift truck
approaching the
aircraft.

The CREW look at
the truck in amaze-
ment.

On it is loaded
the Tardis on its
side.

14. INT. CONTROL CENTRE OFFICE. DAY.

SHEARD: Against my better judgement I am obliged to do as you suggest, Doctor. But really, why do you want us to send up another Concorde?

THE DOCTOR: We must follow the same route, same height, same speed. And with my equipment on board I can identify what I believe to be an exponential time contour.

SHEARD: You really believe that Victor Foxtrot flew into ...

(HE CAN HARDLY
BRING HIMSELF
TO SAY IT)

... a time warp?

THE DOCTOR: Exactly. And you can't have a navigational hazard like that hanging about the galaxy.

(THE TELEPHONE
RINGS. SHEARD
IS RELIEVED TO
TURN FROM THE
DOCTOR AND ANSWER
IT)

SHEARD: Yes ... Thank you.

(HE TURNS TO
THE DOCTOR)

Golf Alpha Zulu is ready for boarding.

TELECINE 13:

Int. Flight Deck. Day.

The CREW are doing
their preflight checks.

TULLEY looks out of
the window.

TULLEY: Here they come.

STAPLEY moves to
the entrance.

Ext. Tarmac. Day.

An airport car stops
at the bottom of the
steps.

THE DOCTOR, TEGAN and
NYSSA get out. TEGAN
looks up at concorde.

TEGAN: (IMPRESSED) I saw
Concorde once on the tarmac
at Sydney.

Beside them, the
Tardis still on its
side, is going up
in the fork lift
truck.

Int. Concorde. Day.

By the main door.

THE DOCTOR, NYSSA
and TEGAN come up
the steps.

STAPLEY holds out
his hand.

STAPLEY: Good morning,
Doctor. I'm Captain Stapley.

Int. Flight Deck. Day.

STAPLEY returns to
his place. THE DOCTOR
stands in the doorway.

STAPLEY: May I introduce my
First Officer Andrew Bilton
and our flight Engineer Roger
Tulley ...

The OTHER TWO
look up from their
work and nod at
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR: This is Nyssa
and Tegan.

STAPLEY: Would you all go
back and get strapped in for
take off please.

15. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

HORTON: Golf Alpha Zulu
clear for take off.

TELECINE 14:

Ext. Runway. Day.

Concorde taking off.

16. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(CLOSE ON THE RADAR
SCREEN. THE VARIOUS
MOVING BLIPS.

SEE HORTON ANXIOUSLY
WATCHING THE PROGRESS
OF GOLF ALPHA ZULU
WHICH IS IDENTIFIED
ON THE SCREEN BY A
READOUT OF ITS
REGISTRATION NUMBERS
FROM THE TRANSPONDER
ON BOARD.

SHEARD MOVES IN
BEHIND HORTON.

HORTON TURNS TO
HIM)

HORTON: Golf Alpha Zulu is
now at fifty eight thousand
feet a hundred and fifty miles
off the Cornish coast.
Scheduled to turn on to it's
approach in four minutes.

TELECINE 15:

Int. Flight Deck. Day.

The CREW engaged in routine activity.

THE DOCTOR has joined them and is standing beside the jump seat.

STAPLEY: You seriously believe Victor Foxtrot went into some sort of time slip?

THE DOCTOR: It's the logical explanation.

STAPLEY: Sounds a pretty rum idea to me.

The CREW exchange looks.

TULLEY: Hang on a moment, Doctor. If we follow Victor Foxtrot's course and end up somewhere over the rainbow ... Well, we're on a one way ticket like Captain Urquhart. lot.

THE DOCTOR: You're forgetting the Tardis.

STAPLEY: The Tardis? You mean that ... police box?

THE DOCTOR: That's right.

THE DOCTOR grins.
He leaves the
flight deck.

The CREW are
convinced he is
out of his mind.

17. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(HORTON AND SHEARD
WATCHING THE RADAR
SCREEN)

STAPLEY: (DISTORT) Golf
Alpha Zulu. Now at six north
thirty west. Request clear-
ance to return to London.

HORTON: Golf Alpha Zulu.
Clear to turn starboard.
Route via fifty six fifteen
to London.

STAPLEY: (DISTORT) Roger.
Golf Alpha Zulu turning
starboard.

HORTON: (TURNING TO SHEARD)
They're now on the same
configuration as Golf Victor
Foxtrot.

TELECINE 16:

Int. Flight Deck. Day.

THE DOCTOR has gone.

BILTON looks over
his shoulder to make
sure they are alone
and turns to STAPLEY.

BILTON: Skipper, the man's
mental.

STAPLEY: Andrew, do you
want to be busted back to
747's?

BILTON: Of course not.

STAPLEY: You know the
political implications of
a loss of confidence in this
aircraft.

BILTON: Well yes ...

STAPLEY: If some idiot in
Whitehall wants to sponsor
a lunatic to keep Concorde
in service then it's okay by
me.

18. INT. CONCORDE HOLD. DAY.

(THE TARDIS ON ITS
SIDE.

THE DOCTOR, NYSSA
AND TEGAN ARE
CLIMBING IN THROUGH
THE DOOR)

19. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE ROOM IS DIS-
PLACED BY NINETY
DEGREES.

AS THE DOCTOR,
FOLLOWED BY NYSSA
AND TEGAN COME IN
THE ROOM ROTATES
BACK TO THE HORI-
ZONTAL)

THE DOCTOR: Automatic gravity
control. So useful when you
want to maintain a dignified
attitude.

NYSSA: I wish I'd known about
that when we were on Castrovalva.

(THEY GO OVER TO
THE CONTROL COLUMN)

TEGAN: Concorde should be
beginning her deceleration
descent procedure any moment
now.

20. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

STAPLEY: (DISTORT) Golf
Alpha Zulu. Request per-
mission to descend to ...

(THE TRANSMISSION
STARTS TO DISTORT)

HORTON: It's happening
again!

TELECINE 17:

Int. Flight Deck. Day.

As before.

We notice, momentarily,
a slight halation
effect which rapidly
disappears.

BILTON: Did you feel something?

STAPLEY: (UNEASILY) I'm
not sure.

He transmits
again.

STAPLEY: Golf Alpha Zulu.
Permission to descend to three
seven zero.

There is no answer.

STAPLEY: London this is
Golf Alpha Zero. Do you read?

21. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR, NYSSA
AND TEGAN ARE
GATHERED ROUND
THE CONSOLE.

LIGHTS START TO
FLASH)

NYSSA: Doctor! We're time
travelling!

TEGAN: But the column isn't
moving.

THE DOCTOR: Concorde has just
flown into the time contour.

(THE DOCTOR HEADS
FOR THE DOOR)

TELECINE 18:

Int. Flight Deck. Day.

BILTON: Skipper. Look at the radiation meter!

P.O.V. the radiation meter. The needle flickering in the alert section.

STAPLEY: Must be a solar flare.

THE DOCTOR enters the flight deck.

THE DOCTOR: I doubt it, Captain. It's reacting to centuries of galactic radiation through which we're passing.

STAPLEY, says nothing but transmits again.

STAPLEY: London this is Golf Alpha Zulu. Do you read?

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid your radio is useless, Captain. By my calculation we're now the spacial equivalent of four hundred billion miles from air traffic control.

The CREW anxiously
check their instruments.

Suddenly a voice
is heard from the
radio.

"HORTON": (DISTORT) Golf
Alpha Zulu. Descend to
three seven zero.

Surprise from
THE DOCTOR.
Relief from the
CREW.

STAPLEY:: Would you like to
put your seat belt on,
Doctor. By my calculations
we're twenty minutes from
touchdown.

22. INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL. DAY.

(HORTON TURNS FROM
THE PANEL)

HORTON: We've lost them.

SHEARD: Another Concorde!
So much for the Doctor!

HORTON: But where've they
gone?

TELECINE 19:

Ext. Heathrow Maintenance
Area. Day.

CLOSE on the door of
Concorde. It opens and
THE DOCTOR peers out.
STAPLEY stands behind
him.

STAPLEY: Heathrow, Doctor.

P.O.V. Heathrow.

They come down
the steps. THE
DOCTOR looks puzzled.

23. EXT. "AIRPORT". DAY.

(TEGAN AND NYSSA
JOIN THE DOCTOR
AND STAPLEY ON
THE TARMAC FOLLOWED
BY BILTON AND
TULLEY)

TEGAN: I ought to feel at
home getting in and out of
airplanes. But it all seems
so unreal after the Tardis.

NYSSA: There's something
very unreal about all of
this.

THE DOCTOR: (QUOTING TO
HIMSELF)
"That's why this tree
Doth continue to be
Since observed by yours
faithfully,
God ..."

STAPLEY: What's that,
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR:
"To be is to be perceived."
A naive eighteenth century
philosophy.

STAPLEY: Ah.

(NYSSA LOOKS UNEASY.
WE GO CLOSE ON HER
EYES. HER P.O.V.
SEVERAL HUMANOID
SHAPES BUT ROTTING
AND HIDIOUSLY DISEASED.)

NYSSA SCREAMS.

THE OTHERS TURN
IN HER DIRECTION,
BUT THE FIGURE HAS
VANISHED)

TEGAN: Nyssa! What's the
matter?

NYSSA: Didn't you see it?
There were decaying corpses.

BILTON: There's nothing there.

THE DOCTOR: Nothing there?
I wonder ... Perceptual
induction?

BILTON: What are you talking
about, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I want you all to
concentrate very hard.

TULLEY: You don't give up
do you, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Concentrate. Look
at anything. Observe it in
every detail.

(THEY ALL LOOK
AROUND THEM)

Concentrate! All together.
It must be a concerted effort.

TEGAN: That plane. I can't
focus properly ...

NYSSA: Nothing's moving.

BILTON: It's blurred.

NYSSA: I'm getting cold.

STAPLEY: What are you doing to us, Doctor?!

THE DOCTOR: Perceptual induction. And I'm undoing it! Keep concentrating. It's the only way to fight it and find out where we really are.

STAPLEY:. But we're at Heathrow!

THE DOCTOR: You think you're at Heathrow. So did I - well almost - up to a moment ago.

(THE OTHERS LOOK
ROUND IN CONFUSION)

But now I know this isn't really Heathrow at all. And you're beginning to have your doubts ...

(THEY LOOK VERY
UNHAPPY)

Can't you see the coherence breaking up ...

(AS THE DOCTOR
INTENDED HE HAS
INSPIRED IN THE
OTHERS A MIXTURE
OF SCEPTICISM,
DOUBT AND FEAR.

SUDDENLY THE BACK-
GROUND EXPLODES.
THEY HUDDLE TOGETHER
AS CHAOS AND DARKNESS
OVERWHELMS THEM)

24. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(A PRIMORDIAL TRACT
OF LAND.

TO ONE SIDE A SMOOTH
AREA - PERHAPS A
DRIED UP MUD FLAT -
WHERE THE AIRCRAFT
HAVE LANDED, THE
TRACKS OF THEIR
WHEELS STRETCHING
BACK INTO THE FAR
DISTANCE.

A CLOUD ROLLS BACK
TO REVEAL THE
DOCTOR AND HIS
COMPANIONS IN A
DAZED HEAP)

STAPLEY: Where are we?

THE DOCTOR: I think you were
right the first time, Captain.

STAPLEY: Heathrow?

THE DOCTOR: Some a hundred
and forty million years ago.

TULLEY: I think I'm dreaming.

THE DOCTOR: Quite the reverse,
Mr. Tulley. You've just woken
up.

BILTON: I don't believe it!

THE DOCTOR: (LOOKING ROUND)
Definitely Jurassic. There's
a nip in the air though, so
we can't be far off the
Pleistocene era.

TEGAN: The ice age?

THE DOCTOR: Better watch out
for the odd brontosaurus.

NYSSA: Were they the creatures
I saw?

THE DOCTOR: I doubt it. But
I suspect it came from this
time zone.

STAPLEY: Do you really mean
we've gone backwards down this
time contour?

THE DOCTOR: Have you another
explanation?

BILTON: But we were on
Concorde!

TEGAN: So were they.

BILTON: It's Victor Foxtrot!

(P.O.V. WE SEE
ANOTHER CONCORDE
PARKED ABOUT A
HUNDRED YARDS AWAY
WITH MAKESHIFT
STEPS LEADING UP
TO ITS DOOR)

STAPLEY: (EXAMINING THE
GROUND) How did we land on
this!

THE DOCTOR: Very violently
by the look of that tyre.

BILTON: The touchdown was
perfect.

THE DOCTOR: Like having a
tooth out under hypnosis.
You don't feel a thing.

STAPLEY: But the descent
into Heathrow was utterly
real.

THE DOCTOR: So was the Indian
rope trick. Come on.

(HE MOVES AWAY TO
HAVE A BETTER
VIEW OF THE AREA.

STAPLEY JOINS
HIM)

STAPLEY: Then somewhere in
this wilderness, Doctor, there
must be the passengers and
crew from Victor Foxtrot.

THE DOCTOR: We shall find
them, Captain. Let's hope
no one finds us first.

BILTON: What do you mean?

THE DOCTOR: Behind most
illusions there's a conjurer.
And in this case you can be
sure he hasn't gone to all
this trouble for our
entertainment.

(THE DOCTOR MOVES
OFF)

TEGAN: I'm coming with you,
Doctor.

25. INT. KALID'S QUARTERS. DAY.

(A BASIC STONE CHAMBER.
MEDIAEVALISTIC
FURNITURE. VARIOUS
NECROMANTIC TRAPPINGS.

IN THE ALCOVE THERE
IS AN ORNATE CABINET
SURMOUNTED BY A LARGE
CRYSTAL BALL.

KALID STANDS BESIDE
THE CABINET. HE IS
A TALL ORIENTAL
FIGURE WITH A DARK
SATURNINE FACE. HE
IS CHANTING)

KALID: Sheraaz sheraaz tumal.
Baloor baloor ...

(HE LOOKS INTO THE
CRYSTAL. IT CLOUDS.
WE SEE THE MISTY
FIGURE OF THE DOCTOR
AND TEGAN)

All things come to their
appointed end ... Soon, soon
the great box will be mine.

(THE CRYSTAL CLOUDS
AGAIN)

26. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
TEGAN APPROACH.
THEY LOOK ROUND)

TEGAN: Look.

(P.O.V. THE CITADEL.
(MODEL). A ROUGH
STONE CASTLE ABOUT
HALF A MILE AWAY)

Are we hallucinating?

THE DOCTOR: I don't think so.
The illusion is always one of
normality.

TEGAN: Well that's not exactly
Terminal Three. But who could
have built it!

THE DOCTOR: I think the answer
might be over there.

(P.O.V. THE SKELETAL
HULK OF SOME LARGE
CRAFT)

27. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(NYSSA AND THE
CREW WAITING
FOR THE DOCTOR.
THEY ARE GETTING
IMPATIENT)

TULLEY: How much longer have
we got to wait here.

BILTON: Why don't we do a bit
of a recce?

STAPLEY:. I've developed a very
healthy respect for the Doctor
and he wants us to stay put.

(NYSSA IS LOOKING
DISTRESSED. SHE
CALLS OUT
INSTINCTIVELY)

NYSSA: No! Danger! We must
find the Doctor ...

(SHE MOVES AWAY FROM
THEM IN THE DIRECTION
TAKEN BY THE DOCTOR)

BILTON: Nyssa! What's the
matter.

STAPLEY: Come on. We'd better
get after her.

28. INT. KALID'S QUARTERS. DAY.

(IN FRONT OF KALID
ARE RANGED SEVERAL
PASSENGERS AND A
COUPLE OF THE CREW
OF VICTOR FOXTROT.
THEY ARE LIKE ZOMBIES)

KALID: You have your work. Go
to it.

(THEY LEAVE THE
CHAMBER.

KALID GOES OVER
TO THE CABINET
AND STARTS TO
CHANT.

IN THE CRYSTAL
WE SEE THE TARDIS
LYING ON ITS SIDE
IN THE CONCORDE
HOLD)

29. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(.STAPLEY , BILTON
AND TULLEY ARE
FOLLOWING NYSSA.

THEY SUDDENLY
STOP)

BILTON: Look!

(THEIR P.O.V. IN THE
FOREGROUND THE
WILDERNESS.

IN THE BACKGROUND
THE M4 LEADING
INTO LONDON)

TULLEY: That's a motorway. I
bet it's the M4.

NYSSA: It's an illusion.

BILTON: I don't care. It
might lead us out of this time
warp.

TULLEY: At least it looks like
civilisation.

(THEY MOVE FORWARD)

STAPLEY: Bilton. Tulley.
Stay where you are! And that's
an order. (cont ...)

(THEY STOP)

STAPLEY: (cont) Remember
the Indian rope trick.

NYSSA: I can't see anything.

(THE M4 DISSOLVES.

THEY ALL RELAX)

What was the Indian rope trick?

30. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(TEGAN AND THE DOCTOR
EXAMINE THE RUINS OF
THE SPACE SHIP. IN
FACT THERE IS VERY
LITTLE TO BE SEEN)

TEGAN: Someone's ship?

THE DOCTOR: Been here a long
time.

TEGAN: (SUDDENLY SCARED)
Can't we get back to the
others?

31. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(NYSSA AND THE CREW
MAKING THEIR WAY
BACK TO WHERE THEY
LAST SAW THE DOCTOR)

TULLEY: (TO NYSSA) So this
Fakir throws the rope up in
the air and he and his
assistant climb up. Hey
presto, disappeared ...

32. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
TEGAN WHERE THEY
LEFT THE CREW)

TEGAN: They've gone.

33. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(PROGRESS OF NYSSA
AND THE CREW)

TULLEY: ... then some clever
devil took these photographs.
And there's the rope lying on
the ground and this Indian
juju man and his oppo behind
the bushes laughing like a
couple of skunks ...

STAPLEY: Stop!

(THEY STOP.

IN FRONT OF THEM A
GROUP OF PASSENGERS
ARE PUSHING A CRUDE
TRUCK ON WHICH IS
PLACED THE TARDIS)

NYSSA: They've got the Tardis!

(AMONGST THEM A MAN
AND WOMAN IN BRITISH
AIRWAYS UNIFORM)

BILTON: There's Dave Culshaw
and Angela Clifford. They were
on Victor Foxtrot.

STAPLEY: Wait!

(BUT BILTON AND
TULLEY HAVE ALREADY
RUSHED FORWARD.

BILTON REACHES
ANGELA)

BILTON: Angela!

ANGELA: (RECOGNISING HIM)
Andrew! You didn't tell me
you had a New York stopover.

BILTON: What are you talking
about?

(MEANWHILE TULLEY
IS TRYING TO
EXPLAIN THINGS
TO THEIR OTHER
COLLEAGUE)

TULLEY: ... Look old chap,
this is all a bit of a snare
and a dillusion ...

ANGELA: (TO BILTON) Andrew,
I've got a few chores to do.
See you in the bar in half an
hour.

BILTON: Snap out of it. You're
not in New York!

ANGELA: The Captain wants us
to try that fabulous new
Indonesian restaurant, he
recently discovered.

TULLEY: (TO BILTON) We'll
have to grab them!

(STAPLEY AND NYSSA
WATCHING.

P.O.V. BILTON AND
TULLEY TRY TO FORCE
THEIR COLLEAGUES
AWAY FROM THE GROUP)

NYSSA: Look!

(A WHITE SHAPE IS
SPINNING IN THE
AIR. IT SLOWLY
DESCENDS. THE
SUBSTANCE SPLITS
UP AND FORMS INTO
THE PLASMATONS.
THEY ARE LIKE
LIFE SIZED DOLLS
WITH POORLY
DEFINED LIMBS
AND BLANK FEATURES.
THEY MOVE TOWARDS
BILTON AND TULLEY.

THE PLASMATONS
SURROUND BILTON
AND TULLEY. THE
CREATURES COALESCE
INTO A WRITHING
BLOB OF WHITE
VISCOSITY WHICH
ENGORGES THE TWO
HUMANS.

THE WHITE PLASMATON
MASS MOVES AWAY
LEAVING THE OTHERS
AS IF NOTHING HAD
HAPPENED. THERE IS
NO SIGN OF BILTON
AND TULLEY.

(STAPLEY AND NYSSA
WATCH APPALLED)

34. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
TEGAN RETURNING.

STAPLEY AND
NYSSA RUN TOWARDS
THEM)

STAPLEY: Doctor. These ...
creatures have taken Bilton
and Tulley.

35. INT. KALID'S QUARTERS. DAY.

(KALID STANDS BEFORE
THE CRYSTAL)

KALID: Eevanerah!

(KALID LAUGHS.

IN THE CRYSTAL WE
SEE THE DOCTOR,
STAPLEY, NYSSA
AND TEGAN.

KALID STARTS TO
CHANT)

36. EXT. HEATH. DAY.

(AS BEFORE)

THE DOCTOR: Are you sure it
wasn't an illusion?

STAPLEY: They were real
all right.

NYSSA: Doctor!

STAPLEY: Behind
you!

(THE DOCTOR TURNS.

BEHIND HIM A
GROUP OF PLASMATONS.

THE PLASMATONS CLOSE
IN. ONCE MORE THEY
MELD INTO ONE
THROBBING MASS AND
DRAW THE DOCTOR INTO
THEIR MIDST)

FADE OUT